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GEO. W. JONES.*



GENERAL JONES has the advantage of an excellent descent on both sides. His father, John Rice Jones, was a native of Merionethshire, Wales, and who had the benefits afforded by the best schools of the day. He was a fine classical scholar, and spoke all the prominent modern languages. He was a lawyer, and moved to this country about 1788. He took up his residence in Philadelphia, where he practiced law for several years, and then removed to Vincennes, Indiana, where he soon secured and retained a high position as a lawyer, being called on to conduct suits in St. Louis, Ste. Genevieve, various parts of Illinois, Louisville, and other parts of Kentucky. In the war of 1812 he took a prominent part, and soon after removed to Missouri, then a territory. He was a member of the constitutional convention, and furnished the rough draft of the instrument which was adopted. He was appointed chief justice of the supreme court of the state in 1820, and filled the position with infinite credit till his death, which occurred in February,

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1824. He was a contemporary of many eminent men, whose friendship and esteem he possessed, and by whom he was often consulted as to the direction of public affairs.

Gen. Jones' mother was a Pennsylvanian named Barger. She was of German descent, and is said to have been a woman with unusual gifts, among which was the mastery of languages, three of which — German, French, and English — she wrote and spoke with perfect ease. It was from these linguistic qualities of his parents that Gen. Jones received his marvelous facilities in the acquisition and use of modern tongues.

Six sons were born to this union, of whom George Wallace Jones was the last, and whose date of birth was April 12th, 1804. All these sons were men of marked character, and were a credit to the stock from which they sprung. The eldest, Rice Jones, is credited with the possession of extraordinary mental qualifications, both as a physician and a lawyer. He was killed in a political contest. The second son, John Rice Jones, Jr., served under Col. Henry Dodge as a volunteer during the war of 1812; he was twice postmaster-general of the republic of Texas, and later United States senator, serving in the same session with his brother, the subject of this sketch. The third son, Augustus Jones, also served in the war of 1812, entering at the age of sixteen, and was a participant in several campaigns against the Indians, whose hostility had been excited by British agents. He was for nine years marshal of Missouri, under Gen. Jackson, and was a captain of volunteers in the Mexican war.

The fourth son, Myers Fisher Jones, went to Texas, where he died, after having distinguished himself in the Texan war of Independence. He was also a man of fine abilities, great daring, and practical sense. The fifth son, William Powell Jones, was a past midshipman in the United States navy. He was sent to Europe on a mission by the government, and soon after his return, in 1834, he died of cholera in Dubuque, and was buried on the top of Sinsinawa Mound in Wisconsin, then

the residence of Gen. Jones. He was regarded as one of the brightest of the sons, and had he lived would have attained prominence as a naval officer.

It is rare in the history of families that so many sons have been born who were so even in their developments, and of whom each was characterized by a high order of ability both from nature and acquirement. Each of them rose far above the average level of men, and each played a conspicuous part in the drama of life.

Gen. Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, and was educated at the Transylvania University, Kentucky, which was considered at that time the foremost educational institution in the country. During his college days he was under the guardianship of Henry Clay, who was a warm friend of his father. He graduated in 1825, and immediately commenced reading law in the office of his brother-in-law, Hon. John Scott, who then was filling his fourteenth year as a member of congress from Missouri. He was appointed clerk of the court against a formidable opposition, in Ste. Genevieve, but soon after, owing to ill health, resigned the position and practice of law, and under medical advice began an open-air life. He moved into the wilderness, and selected a beautiful location for his residence at Sinsinawa Mound, seven miles from Dubuque, now in Wisconsin, but which, at that date, 1827, was in the territory of Michigan. Here he engaged in the mercantile, mining and smelting business. It was during his journeys in search of lead ore that he became acquainted with the region now occupied by Dubuque. At that period the Sac and Fox Indians were engaged in mining in the Dubuque region, and from them he made frequent purchases of ore. He erected the first reverberating furnace in Iowa at a point a mile or so north of the present limits of Dubuque, and was the first to open stores in that city and in other adjacent local cities. He also combined farming with his other occupations, and in his pursuits he exhibited a genius for planning and execution which resulted in success.

During the somewhat famous Black-Hawk war, which included so many distinguished participants, from Abraham Lincoln to Leonard Swett, and other civil heroes and military personages, such as Gen. Scott, Gen. Dodge, Gen. Atkinson, and many others, and which war was, like so many other contests with the Indians, the result of treachery and outrage on the part of the whites, Gen. Jones was an active participant as an aid to Gov. Dodge. He was present in many of the principal events of that campaign, and shared in the last bloody battle on Wisconsin river, in which Black-Hawk's forces were substantially annihilated by the Illinois militia, under the leadership of Gov. Dodge. At the close of the war Gen. Jones was appointed colonel of the militia and became the successor of his late leader.

In 1833 a mass meeting was held at Mineral Point, and Gen. Jones was appointed to preside as judge over the highest court in the territory save that of the district court of the United States. The general refused the proffered honor, but the nomination was confirmed by Gov. Mason, at Detroit, who had been a classmate of Gen. Jones at Transylvania University, and the appointment was accepted. During his career as a judge he showed the same excellent sense, judgment, discrimination, and practical knowledge which characterized him in other directions.

He remained on the bench for two years, and then was nominated as congressional delegate from Michigan territory, which then embraced an area of magnificent dimensions, including all the country which is now known as Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Oregon, and all the remaining country lying north of Missouri and west to the Pacific ocean, Montana, Dakota, Washington Territory, Wyoming, Idaho, were all a part of the magnificent area of which he was the representative. He had some formidable competitors in this contest, among whom were Judge Woodbridge, of Detroit, afterward United States Senator; Judge Doty, who has since held conspicuous official positions, and Hon. Moran L. Martin, who also rose to distinction.

In 1837 he was almost unanimously re-elected as delegate to congress, and during both sessions he was an active and successful worker. He succeeded in organizing the territories of Iowa and Wisconsin, and was strongly recommended as governor of the former territory, being supported by a large element of the senate and house of representatives, by James Buchanan, and other men of eminence. To a letter recommending his appointment were attached many names now famous, among which are those of John Bell, Silas Wright, Daniel Webster, Thomas H. Benton, Franklin Pierce, and several others. The president declined to appoint him on the ground that, being a member of congress, he was not eligible.

In 1840 he was appointed by President Van Buren surveyor general, which place he held till Harrison became president, by whom he was removed for political reasons. He was restored to the place by President Polk in 1845, and held the position till 1848, when he resigned it to take his seat in the United States senate as the member from Iowa.

During the administration of President Buchanan, Gen. Jones was appointed as minister to Bogota, in South America. He held the position till the breaking out of the war, and in the autumn of 1861 he was recalled. Soon after his arrival in this country the famous "little bell" of Secretary Seward tinkled, and within a few hours Gen. Jones was taken from his family and placed as a prisoner of state in Fort Lafayette. He remained in confinement for several months, and then was released, when he returned to Dubuque, where he has since resided.

The official career of Gen. Jones was a long and active one, and characterized by an admirable adhesion to the practical and the useful. In no portion of his public life is there to be found devotion to mere theoretical politics; he always labored for measures directly applicable to the ends sought, and which ends were for the material and immediate benefit of his constituents.

In a sketch of him which appeared in 1852 the writer com-

mented on the manner in which he performed his duties as judge, the first position of importance to which he was elected. "This was a case," says the article, "where the office sought the man, not the man the office. Contrary to his own personal desires in the matter, he accepted the office, and it is but justice to him to say that he presided with great ability, and that among the numerous and important and difficult causes he was called to adjudicate on, his decisions were based upon principles of law and justice, and that not one of them was ever reversed by a higher court, and few, if any of them, failed to give satisfaction to the parties concerned." On vacating his judicial seat he presented to his county for the erection of a court house the entire amount due him for his judicial services.

While a delegate in congress he was unusually active. He secured the passage of a bill to organize the territory of Wisconsin before Michigan was admitted as a state—a case which was then without a precedent. During his first term as a delegate he obtained from congress very large appropriations for local improvements for public roads, the construction of light-houses along the west shore of Lake Michigan, for public buildings, and \$70,000 for the improvement of the rapids of the Lower Mississippi river. He also managed to secure from the public funds a sum sufficient to purchase a large quantity of lands from the Sac and Fox Indians, and which now constitute some of the most fertile portions of Iowa. These are but a small part of the labors which he accomplished; and their total proves the extraordinary strength which he must have possessed in congress, as well as the energy which he brought to the execution of his multifarious plans.

It is claimed by Gen. Jones and his friends that it is to him that the country is indebted for the conception of a trans-continental railway. In this important matter Dubuque took the initiative. A meeting was called at the suggestion of the general at Dubuque in 1837, at which a petition was framed

asking congress to appropriate a sufficient amount for a survey of a line of railway between the lakes and the Mississippi river "as a first link in a chain to the Pacific ocean," and for this purpose the general succeeded in getting appropriated \$10,000, which was expended under the supervision of the war department in making a survey; and "thus," says Gen. Jones, "we commenced the great railway to San Francisco."

In 1838 he introduced and succeeded in procuring the passage of a bill for the admission of the territory of Iowa, and which included substantial sums for the construction of the public buildings, a public library, and a penitentiary. The appropriation of funds for a penitentiary was a novelty, and was secured by an ingenious wording of the bill, wherein, instead of the "capitol" or "penitentiary" being mentioned, the phrase "public buildings" was employed. Gen. Jones wrote to Gov. Lucas, calling his attention to the wording of the bill and advising that the sum be divided between a capitol and a penitentiary, for he had no doubt that when the buildings were under way congress would not refuse the additional sums needed for their completion. His judgment proved to be correct; congress did appropriate a sufficient amount, and Iowa occupies the exceptional position of having secured a penitentiary at the expense of the general government.

After the bill for the organization of the territory of Iowa was passed, the question of filling the local offices came up for disposition. Then, as now, the custom was to fill the offices of a new territory with political favorites from the states. Gen. Jones, recognizing the value of self-government, and instinctively opposed to carpet baggers, addressed a long letter to President Van Buren, in which he urged the right of the people to select their own rulers, and inveighed against the scandal involved in forcing upon a community officials whose interests are not identified with those of the people. The president was so impressed with his reasoning that he permitted the general to name fourteen of the eighteen officials.

It was while a delegate in 1836 that he procured the estab-

lishment of two land offices in Iowa, one at Burlington and the other at Dubuque; and at the same time he secured the passage of a bill for the location at the last named city of the office of surveyor-general. It is somewhat odd that at the time he secured the favor for Dubuque and Iowa he was still a resident of Wisconsin. It proves that he was a man possessed of a wonderful breadth of view. Cassville, Prairie du Chien, and other points in Wisconsin demanded to be selected as a point for the establishment of the office, and brought a heavy pressure on the general to attain their wish. He foresaw that Dubuque was the best place for such an important trust, and he placed it there, although in so doing he provoked the hostility of influential residents of Wisconsin. In 1842 the land office was removed from Dubuque, and the people of that city, at a public meeting, asked the general, although still a resident of Wisconsin, to go to the national capitol and obtain a reconsideration of the order. He went, and such was his influence that the office was almost immediately restored to the possession of the Key City. Four years later he again made a pilgrimage to Washington for the purpose of securing an increase of the amount per mile allowed for the survey of public lands, and succeeded in securing an increase equal to twice that which had before been paid.

These incidents demonstrate his influence and his willingness to labor for the interests of a community in which he did not even have a residence.

In 1848 he was elected to the United States senate from Iowa, and held the position for twelve years. He was as active as a senator as he had been as a delegate, and was untiring in his efforts for the benefit of the west, and especially his adopted state. One of the most important acts of this portion of his career was the securing of an amendment to the bill of Senator Douglas, in which the northwestern terminus of the great Illinois Central railway was located at Galena. Concerning this matter, an intelligent correspondent wrote a few years ago: "Such was the power and influence of

Senator Douglas at that time that few senators cared to oppose him: Although indignant at the idea of having the great railway terminate within eighteen miles of Dubuque, and eventually cross the river below at Tete de Morts; angered over the menace to young Iowa's metropolis, and seriously alarmed at the situation, which threatened a conflict with such men as Douglas, Shields, and Washburne, with all their imposing array of influence, talent, and wealth, Senator Jones did not falter at this critical moment, nor lose his usual tact and prudence. It is not necessary to give at this time the details of the management of Senator Jones; let it be sufficient to say that owing to his efforts the bill was amended in consonance with the demand of the senator, and that to his efforts at that time Dubuque is indebted for becoming the western terminus of the Illinois Central railway."

In some autobiographical notes prepared by Gen. Jones are summaries of what he accomplished during his legislative career. In one of these appear the names of several gentlemen well known in the west. He says: "I accomplished an object of great importance to Dubuque and vicinity in having this city made the initial point for the river-mail line between Galena and St. Paul, and in securing the carrying of the mail by the Dubuque Steam Packet Company instead of the Galena Mail Packet Company. Among the principal owners of the latter at the time were many of my old and valued friends, among whom were my nephew, Col. George W. Campbell, who was a quartermaster in the late war; his brother, Ben. H. Campbell, now in Chicago; and J. Russell Jones, late United States Minister to Belgium. That was the most trying period of my congressional life, for, while I was strongly allied by consanguinity to the one side, I felt myself bound in honor to those whose servant I was, even though it should come to pass, as was said by my relatives, 'we, your relatives, will always recollect you with gratitude if you will favor us in this matter, while the others who are demanding your influence will certainly prove themselves without gratitude and undeserving what you will do for them.'"

It is very evident from this extract that the general was beyond the reach of nepotism. It may be a consolation to hearts that once were bruised by his refusal to stand by them rather than by his constituents, to know that none of them has suffered in fortune however much some may have been lacerated in feelings. The gentlemen mentioned have thus far managed to keep out of the almshouse, and so far as known have not been compelled to call on any of the relief societies for assistance.

Apropos of the extension of the Illinois Central railway to Dubuque there occurred in 1858 a very bitter correspondence in the newspapers, in which Senators Jones and Douglas were the principals. At that period it was rumored that Douglas had made arrangement with Jones, when the bill creating the railway was under consideration, by which the interests of Galena were overlooked in order to advance those of Dubuque. Douglas wrote a letter in which he asserted that when the bill was pending Jones had offered him the alternative of extending the terminus to Dubuque or having the bill defeated. To this Gen. Jones responded in a letter of extreme bitterness. He pronounced the assertions of Douglas as to the part which he, Jones, took concerning the bill to be wilfully and maliciously false. He says that the journals of the senate will show that he worked hard for the bill. "The assertion on your part that I or my colleague, or any of our friends, had determined to defeat your bill, upon the ground stated, is false. The journals and debates of the senate show that Gen. Dodge and I heartily co-operated with you and your colleague in every effort and every vote which was given on that question. At the celebration of the completion of the Illinois Central to Dubuque in July, 1855, you complimented me in exalting terms as the person who procured the amendment making Dubuque the terminus, and although you knew that there were hundreds of your constituents present, you did not intimate that the same had been done contrary to your wishes. This, sir, is the third time that you have made infamous

accusations against me, and that I have been compelled to fasten the lie on you."

The letter is a very long one, and charges directly that Douglas was guilty of perversion of the truth. The language of the letter excited a vast amount of comment, and it was confidently predicted by many that it would lead to a challenge from the Illinois senator. Senator Jones listened to these assertions, and stated that if a challenge should be forthcoming he would not seek to evade its legitimate outcome. The letter made him, as he thinks, minister to Bogota. It was agreeable to the administration of Buchanan, and was followed almost immediately by his nomination to the South American mission. Concerning the appointment, he says in his notes: "In the year 1859, through the stringency of party demands, I was laid on the shelf to dry, and when the distinguished lawyer, patriot, and statesman, Gen. Grimes, was elected as my successor, he, at my suggestion, occupied the very chair and desk which I had used for twelve years.

* * * At the expiration of my term of service, March 4th, 1859, President Buchanan, wholly unsolicited and unexpected by me, nominated me as minister to Bogota. No member of his cabinet — as Gen. Cass, then secretary of state, informed me — knew of his intention to make the nomination until he read to them his message of the 8th of March, in which my name was presented. The instant the message was read in the senate it was unanimously confirmed, without the usual reference to a committee, and on the suggestion and at the request of Senators Harlan and Grimes. Mr. Buchanan had been my warm personal friend ever since November, 1835, when I was introduced to him at Baltimore on my way to congress by that mutual great and good friend, Dr. Linn, the model senator from Missouri."

The duel between Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, and Wm. J. Graves, of Kentucky, in 1838, near Washington, attracted more attention than any other of the numberless occurrences of that kind in this country, except the Burr-Hamilton tragedy in 1804.

The effect upon General Jones, who acted as the second of Cilley, was damaging and lasting. The number of calumnies which have been thrust upon him for his connection with the unfortunate affair is beyond computation, and, as a general thing, without foundation. It was asserted that he was one of the party of conspirators who had united for the purpose of assassinating Cilley; that they fixed a quarrel on him, and forced him into a fight against his will, and when on the ground, compelled him to stand up under a murderous fire long after the usual requirements of this class of "satisfaction" had been complied with. For years after the occurrence Gen. Jones was the target of almost universal execration in various portions of the north—not especially because he had been engaged in a duel, but for the asserted reason that he was implicated in a deliberate conspiracy to kill the Maine representative.

The encounter and the events preceding it have been given to the public a thousand times, but rarely or never without bias or misrepresentation. The real facts, as related by Gen. Jones, show conclusively that he, at least, was not a willing participant in the hostile meeting, and that he was forced, through his friendship for Cilley, to act as his second.

During the session of 1837-8 the congressional discussions were rancorous and bitter in the extreme. On one occasion Cilley, who, according to Gen. Jones, was one of the ablest debaters in the house, in defending the administration of Van Buren, said it was easy enough to charge the president with corruption, but an entirely different matter to prove it; and added, to show how little trouble it is to make assertions, that it had been charged that James Watson Webb had been accused of receiving a large sum of money for advocating the charter of the United States bank. Davis, an attache of Webb's journal, the *Courier and Enquirer*, wrote to the paper an account of the debate, participated in by Cilley on the democratic side and Henry A. Wise, John Bell and Bailey Payton on the part of the whigs.

A few days later Col. Webb appeared in Washington, and in February, 1838, wrote a note to Cilley, and sent it by his friend, Congressman Graves. Cilley, for some unknown reason, declined to receive it, whereupon the bearer returned to where Webb was waiting, in company with Henry Clay and some other Kentuckians, at what Gen. Jones terms their "mess," which was on Pennsylvania avenue, a little east of and opposite the National hotel. The refusal of Cilley to receive the note excited a great deal of indignant comment. Finally Mr. Clay said, in a hot manner:

"Take the note back to the Yankee and tell him it is no challenge, but a mere note of inquiry from Col. Webb!"

Mr. Graves did as requested. He returned to Mr. Cilley and explained the character of the note. The latter again declined to receive it, stating that he had no acquaintance with Webb, and did not wish any correspondence with him. This seemed to somewhat annoy Graves, who said that the action of the other would place him in an embarrassing position, to which Cilley replied that, while he entertained for Mr. Graves only the highest esteem, and would greatly regret doing anything which would affect him unpleasantly, he still must decline to receive any communication from Col. Webb. Graves returned to the Kentucky headquarters, and reported the results of the visit, whereupon Clay savagely ejaculated: "Graves, you have got to challenge that d——d Yankee!"

The statement that Clay thus received the report of Graves is based on the assertion of Henry A. Wise, who was present and who afterward reported the conversation to Gen. Jones.

Immediately after making the remark, Clay sat down and penned the original of the challenge to Cilley, which he handed to Wise to deliver, and which made Graves the principal. Mr. Wise asserts that without giving the matter any particular thought he took the paper and the next morning delivered it at the rooms of Mr. Cilley, then in the house of Mrs. Bests, on Pennsylvania avenue. Mr. Cilley glanced

over the paper, and without any hesitation said he would accept it, and would so state in writing as soon as he could supply himself with a friend.

That Mr. Cilley was a man possessed of some peculiarities of character may be inferred from his prompt and decisive rejection of the note of inquiry sent by Webb, and the equally prompt and decisive and inexplicable verbal acceptance of a challenge to fight a man who was his personal friend and against whom there was no cause of quarrel. His brother-in-law, Mr. Prince, after the duel, wrote a letter to Franklin Pierce, in which he said: "A person must know something of the prompt, independent, and even obstinate character of our dear Cilley to judge aright in this case."

Immediately after Cilley's verbal acceptance of the challenge, Franklin Pierce called on Gen. Jones and informed him of the occurrence, and requested him to act as the second of Cilley. This was the first knowledge that the general had of what had taken place, and hence it must be evident that he, up to this time at least, had no hand in the alleged conspiracy. "Had not Cilley accepted the challenge verbally," says Gen. Jones, "there would not, in my opinion, have been any duel."

Gen. Jones accompanied Mr. Pierce to Mr. Cilley's rooms, and at the outset declared vehemently that he would not have anything to do with it, as he had already been connected with some affairs of the kind, and had solemnly resolved to never again go on the field. Cilley was persistent in his request. "I would do as much for you," he urged, "and you must stand by me. I did not expect this challenge, but having received it I must fight. If I refuse to fight I will be posted as a coward, a street fight will ensue, and I will be ruined, and will never command another vote in Maine. It is just as bad if I do fight, for that will ruin me in the estimate of my people. It is ruin in either case. I must fight, and after it is over I will go out into the west with you and begin life again." Gen. Jones finally consented to gratify his friend, and took up the role of his second.

Upon talking over the matter of weapons Cilley said he knew nothing of pistols, but had a rifle, and would prefer to use that. Gen. Jones hunted up Wise, and found him in company with Graves, the two being in the room of the former engaged in inspecting some cases of pistols.

"Ah, gentlemen," said he, "you are occupying yourselves on the very business about which I have called." Graves left the room, and then the general handed Wise a formal acceptance of the challenge and the conditions of the combat, which were rifles at eighty paces.

"With rifles!" said Wise. "Why G—— d—— it! that is not duelling; that is murder. And, besides that, we have no rifles!"

"Well, those are the terms on which Mr. Cilley consents to fight, and you can accept them or not, as you please."

When Gen. Jones reported the result of the visit to Mr. Cilley, some of his friends present expressed the opinion that the other side evidently desired to put off the fight. The earnestness of Cilley in the matter, or else the influence of the fatality which was driving him on to his doom, may be inferred from the fact that so soon as the general had concluded his report he said:

"Gen. Jones, I insist that you shall at once return and inform these people that we have three rifles, which are at their service."

The request was complied with to the extent of sending the information in a note.

The next morning the Cilley party started for the field in an omnibus. It was a cold, bleak February day, one which chilled one to the very marrow. Gen. Jones took from his hotel some buffalo skins, with which he wrapped up the feet and legs of Cilley to prevent his getting chilled during the ride. Cilley objected, saying that he was all right. "He was perfectly cool and collected," says Gen. Jones. "There was not a tremor in his voice, and he spoke of the future as if he anticipated no evil consequences. He again brought up

his intention of going west and starting anew without any embarrassment. He was even enthusiastic as he spoke of the possibilities of the new life in the freedom of the great west."

The particulars of the duel are as familiar as household words. How at the first fire the rifle of Cilley exploded prematurely, sending the bullet into the ground a few feet in front of him; how the same mishap attended Graves in the second fire, and how both rifles exploded simultaneously at the third fire, and Cilley received the bullet of his adversary in the thigh, where it severed the femoral artery, and he died almost instantly, while Graves was untouched—are facts known to all.

It is now generally known that at the conclusion of the third fire, and the fall of Cilley, Graves advanced to a point within a few yards of where his opponent lay, and asked Gen. Jones if he might go to the fallen man. Consent was given, and he commenced to walk toward Cilley, when Wise interposed, remonstrated with him, and then he turned, entered his carriage, and drove away.

It is asserted by Gen. Jones that Graves had no enmity against Cilley; that he was driven into the position of challenger by Clay; that he was a warm admirer of Cilley, and that so affected was he by the event that he lost heart, never achieved any success in life, and never after the duel was known to smile. It is further asserted by Gen. Jones that immediately after the first and then on the second exchange of shots he urged on Wise that ample satisfaction had been afforded, and that the contest should end. In each instance another shot was demanded, leading to the inference that Wise was acting under instructions to force the fight to the death, and that for this result Henry Clay was responsible.

"I know," says Gen. Jones in one of his notes, "that Mr. Wise ever afterward deeply regretted his share in the duel, and that if his advice had been taken it would never have occurred. I certainly would not have consented to act if

Cilley had not unfortunately accepted verbally the challenge when handed to him by Mr. Wise. Mr. Graves was a man with a warm, kind heart, and was brave and genèrous, and in these respects was in no particular the superior of Mr. Cilley.

There can be no question that those who examine without prejudice the part taken by General Jones in this famous and unfortunate affair will fully exonerate him from being inspired by other than a generous desire to respond to the urgent appeals of a friend, and to assist him to the best of his ability at a critical moment of his life.

In 1827 Gen. Jones visited St. Louis, in company with his sister, and while at a hotel he went into a bar-room to order some lemonade. At the same moment Lieutenant Williams, of the United States army, ordered the same beverage from the same attendant. The waiter brought one first and placed it before the general, when Williams reached over and took it. "I beg your pardon, sir; that is mine," said Jones.

"You are a d——d liar!" responded the other, whereupon the civilian struck him a heavy blow in the face, drawing blood in profusion. Some bystanders interfered at this point, and further hostilities, at the moment, were prevented.

The next day Williams challenged the other, and a meeting with pistols at ten paces was arranged to take place at a point between St. Louis and Ste. Genevieve. The Jones party went down on a steamer, and reached the designated point without delay. The other belligerents did not appear on that day, nor the next. The point selected was the choice of Gen. Jones, and was a small island in the river, on which a duel had occurred some years before, and which resulted in the death of Brown, one of the principals. The seconds were Capt. Bossier for Jones and Capt. Kennedy for his opponent. "I was a dead shot, then, with both pistol and rifle," says the general, "and I had no fear whatever of the outcome."

It was four days before the other party made its appearance. No steamer had happened along, and the Williams

party had finally taken a skiff, and rowed down the river to the selected spot. The usual greetings were exchanged, and then the seconds stepped outside to settle the preliminaries. Rather more than the average time was occupied in this matter, during which Gen. Jones, who was lying with his head on a log, and who was fatigued with the long wait, fell asleep, and some trouble was experienced in waking him. The incident was noticed by the others. They drew aside for consultation, and then Capt. Kennedy came forward, and said that his principal believed he had given unnecessary cause for a contest, and begged to withdraw the challenge and to make all necessary apologies. A little later the belligerents shook hands, and became thereafter warm friends. How far the sight of Jones, fast asleep on the eve of being called to face the pistol of an enemy at ten paces, may have affected the nerve of his opponent, can only be a matter of surmise.

Once, while in St. Louis on a visit, he was induced to act as second in an affair between Thomas W. Newton and A. H. Sevier, and which grew from an attack in a newspaper article made by the former against the latter, who was a candidate for congress. They were placed at the regulation distance of ten paces; Jones gave the word; both fired and missed. He then asked the other party if they were satisfied, whereupon they demanded another shot. At this Dr. Macafee, one of the surgeons, remarked with an oath: "This has gone far enough, and the principals must be satisfied!" There was a short consultation with the seconds, and then the pacific surgeon called out: "Gentlemen, take your places. Are you ready? Advance five paces and — shake hands!" The order was obeyed, and the affair was thus happily ended.

On another occasion the general was instructed to carry a challenge from Gen. Dodge to Col. Selden on account of the failure of the latter to promptly return some money which the former had left with him for safe keeping. Selden finally obtained the money of the well-known banker, Corcoran, of Washington, and thus escaped going into the field. There

were several other occasions when Gen. Jones was appealed to to act as a second, but he managed to negotiate "peace with honor." He was always willing to go into the field if necessary, but he never left unused any influence which might bring about an honorable reconciliation.

Gen. Jones was averse to accepting the compliment tendered him by President Buchanan of the mission to Bogota, but finally, through the importunities of his friends and the desire of the members of his family, he accepted and went. Soon after Mr. Lincoln's election he was recalled, and came direct with his family to Washington. In his notes are some very interesting recollections of his first meeting with President Lincoln on his arrival, and the cordial treatment which he received from the new president. Mr. Lincoln asked him to call at the White House, and when he did so he met George D. Prentice and various other gentlemen of prominence, by all of whom he was treated with much consideration.

It was by Seward that the general was introduced to the president. At the introduction Seward spoke in a most complimentary manner of the late minister, and was himself the embodiment of apparent good-feeling and friendship. He invited the general to dine with him the next day. The dinner was a grand one, and Seward was not niggardly in his expression of regard for Gen. Jones, to whom he gave the seat of honor at the table. A day later Gen. Jones called on the secretary of state to make his adieus. The secretary was exceedingly cordial in his leave-taking, and particularly wished the other a speedy and pleasant journey home. The general, with a couple of lady relatives under his charge, took the train for New York, and as he emerged from the depot was arrested by a United States marshal.

The facts connected with his consignment to Fort Lafayette are well known and need not be mentioned in this article. There were no legal proceedings in advance of his arrest; he was thrown into prison on a telegraphic order from Seward;

was kept in prison without any complaint or charge, and was turned loose without any other proceeding than the verbal order of Seward. The only explanation Seward ever made was to the effect that "Dubuque was disposed to be in sympathy with the secessionists, and that the arrest of one of its prominent citizens would have the effect to terrorize the secession element and prevent anything in the nature of conspiracies." This was stated by Seward to Gen. Shields, who went to him to learn why his long-time friend Jones had been imprisoned. Had Seward lived he would have had the opportunity to defend a suit for \$50,000 damages which the general, by the advice of Charles O'Connor and other eminent men, had determined to bring against him for malicious and illegal imprisonment.

The general relates a pleasing little anecdote with reference to a ruse which he perpetrated on John C. Calhoun, when he was laboring as a delegate to secure the admission of Iowa as a territory. Calhoun would not listen to the proposition to admit any such territory. "I will," he said, "make a speech to defeat your bill. I won't have another abolition state in this country."

"Why, Calhoun," replied the general, "there is not a single abolitionist in the territory of Iowa. I am opposed to abolitionism, and am the owner of several slaves in Wisconsin."

"I don't care for that. I may not live to see it, but if you live you will see Iowa become one of the strongest abolition states in the country, with the result that it will destroy the union."

Despairing of getting the support of Calhoun, whose opposition would greatly injure, if it would not utterly defeat, his bill, the general made one more effort. One night he escorted the daughter of the great nullifier home from a party. As they were about to separate, she expressed her thanks for his courtesy, and said she was sure there was nothing she could do to express her gratitude.

"Yes, there is," said the general. "When you meet your

father in the morning, put your lovely arms about his neck and ask him to support my bill."

She promised to do so; she put her arms as he had asked and made the request, and was refused. The general was at the end of his resources, but he would not yield. He met the young lady again.

"You must help me. I will ask your friend, young Clemenson, to call and take you to the gallery in the senate during the session to-morrow. When I send a card to you I wish you would send down and ask your father to step outside to see you for a moment." She agreed. The next day he sent up his card to the young lady, who immediately sent word to the senator to meet her in the library. He went out. "The bill was immediately called," says the general, "and passed in less than twenty minutes, and Iowa was a territory."

An instance which shows the firmness as well as the shrewdness of the general occurred in connection with the Illinois Central railway. When he was in the senate he was called on by Mr. Osborn, an official of the road, for some assistance in getting the land grant of the road out of some obstructing tangle. The company presented him with a pass, which during the war was taken up by a superloyal conductor named Warren. The occurrence was referred to the authorities of the road, but nothing was done about it.

Not long after this, the company, with a view to make some extensions at Dunleith, across the river from Dubuque, found it necessary to obtain several acres of worthless land, which, after considerable search, was found to be the property of Gen. Jones. One day he was called upon by Allison, the present senator, who asked him what he would take for the property.

"Five thousand dollars cash, and ——"

"I guess you don't want to sell," interrupted Allison, with a smile.

"—— a pass over the road for myself and my family during my life," continued the general. Allison rose and started

for the door. "And," added the general, "if you don't take it in ten days the price will be ten thousand dollars."

The company took the land at the five thousand dollars figure. It was not worth fifty dollars at the time, and was long since abandoned by the company.

The principal events of the life of Gen. Jones would fill several bulky volumes. A few condensed notes are appended of acts, events, and the like which cannot be presented in extenso.

While at Bogota, he saved through his personal solicitation the life of a naturalized citizen of the United States who had been condemned to be shot for some mismanagement in the handling of a government contract. In another instance, in the case of a revolt, several officials were captured, tried by a drum-head court-martial, and ordered to be executed. The personal influence of the American minister secured a respite for the condemned men, during which they escaped and left the country.

He was a drummer-boy in a volunteer company formed in Ste. Genevieve during the late war with England, and sergeant in the body-guard to the Marquis de Lafayette in Lexington, Kentucky. Henry Clay was his college guardian, and he lived to serve with that distinguished statesman and patriot in the senate, to watch over his dying bed, and to pronounce in the senate a eulogy upon his life. He was the warm personal friend of Gen. Jackson from 1823 until the death of that celebrated character. It was his letter which made Gen. Dodge governor of the territory of Wisconsin, and it was he who gave the names of Iowa and Wisconsin to the two states of that name.

In his notes he says: "I have known Jeff Davis since 1823, and I love the very ground on which he walks. I regard him as one of the purest men that ever lived. He was not at heart a secessionist; he was forced into disunion by the action of his state, and he was made president against his will. Could he have had his own way after the breaking out of the

war, he would have taken a position in the field, as he had an ambition for a military career. It is not true that Davis ran off with the daughter of Col. Taylor, as has been so often asserted. In the winter of 1833 Davis was in command of some troops here in Dubuque, and during his stay he made a personal friend of every man, woman and child in the vicinity." "As for me," he says in another place, "I was never a secessionist."

It would be impossible to overestimate the value of the public services of Gen. Jones to Wisconsin and Iowa prior to and after their admission as territories. On every page of the history of that period are to be found records of his services in the securing of land grants for public works and railways, in encouraging emigration, and the cultivation of the interests of mining, agriculture and other industries. His professional record does not show a single variation from his fealty to his state. He did more than any other dozen men to start it in life, to stimulate its growth, to place it in a foremost position among the sovereignties of the west.

Once Gen. Jones was a man of large wealth; now he possesses only a very moderate competence. The fact proves his freedom from political jobbery. His official hands are clean. He has passed four score years, and there is not living a human being who can say that his public as well as his private life is touched by the slightest stain. He is what Cæsar's wife should have been — above suspicion.

His state has never appreciated all that he has done for it, and in his old age it has neglected him. In many respects he is a Lear, buffeted by the storms of adversity into which he has been driven by neglect and ingratitude.

He is singularly attractive in his old age. His face is still handsome, his eyes bright and intelligent, and his smile winning as that of a woman. He retains no animosities, and yet does not fail in comprehending in what directions they are due.

His wife, née Josephine Gregoire, is yet alive, and it is not long since they celebrated the golden anniversary of their

married life. He has living two sons and two daughters. If nothing exceptional shall happen to this grand character, he will outlive his century. It is certain that posterity will appreciate him, and that he will occupy a far more conspicuous position than that which is accorded him by his immediate surroundings.

During his various interviews with Gen. Jones, the writer was painfully impressed with the fact that the great world has rolled by and forgotten him, and that he is sadly aware of the fact. And yet he essayed to be brave and cheerful. At times his sensitive face would be shaded with sorrow, but usually he was courageous, bright, animated. There were moments when he was recalling the far past that his flow of speech would stop for an instant, and a far-gazing expression would come into his eyes — one full of melancholy, and it may be of regret. A second later he would be on his feet, and with flashing eyes, vehement gesture, and proudly erect position, would relate some stirring incident of half a century ago.

At this time he dwells in a supreme and sad isolation. He does not possess the support, the sympathy, the gratitude to which he is entitled. He has no fratricidal blood on his garments; such fighting as he engaged in was for the purpose of securing for the pioneers, their wives and children, safety from the scalping knife of the savage. It is not enough. All the grand labors which he performed in laying deep and strong the foundations of his state are overlooked, and it is only remembered that he did not favor the civil war. A difference of opinion on a constitutional question outweighs services of incalculable magnitude. Posterity will be more just, and Gen. Jones will be a star in the sky of the future ages after the tallow-dips that now outshine him shall have spluttered out in eternal darkness.

F. B. WILKIE.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE T. S. WILSON AT THE
OPENING OF THE SUPREME COURT-ROOM.

AT DES MOINES, IOWA, IN NEW CAPITAL BUILDING.

May it Please the Court:

AM thankful for the invitation to attend on this occasion, and to participate in its proceedings.

This invitation is due to the fact that I am the only surviving member of the first United States Territorial Judges or officers of Iowa. My subject, "Early Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar," cannot be illustrated or its discussion appreciated without referring to the condition of this country at the time of the organization of the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa; the first in 1836, the latter in 1838. At the first of these dates there was no communication with the east except by steamboat, by way of the mouth of the Ohio river, which would now seem to us like rounding Cape Horn. It was a two-weeks' trip to Wheeling or Pittsburg. There were but two counties in what is now Iowa—DuBuque and Des Moines. Davenport was in DuBuque county. There was no title to our lands west of the Mississippi river. The Indians had ceded on the west side only a strip of land about sixty miles wide. The towns of Davenport, Burlington, and DuBuque had about three dry-goods stores each, filled only with some of the necessities of life. At DuBuque, if we needed a carpet, a pair of tongs, or a cradle, we sent to Galena. It might be supposed that this destitution of cradles was a hindrance to the population of a new country, but it was not, so long as we could procure a sugar-trough, or a small dry-goods box to mount on home-made rockers. There was not a railroad in the United States, and if any one had then told us that there would be in our day, a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, passing through Iowa, he would have been regarded as a lunatic. When navigation closed our only communica-

tion, with the east, was by mail through Chicago, carried either on horse-back, or in dilapidated wagons in which no man could safely ride. The frozen river was our turn-pike from the head of the upper rapids to Prairie du Chien. When travelling on the river was not safe we went from DuBuque to Burlington, the then temporary seat of government, on horse-back, following the bank of the river. At Prairie du Chien, where I regularly attended court, was stationed Gen. Taylor, whose hospitality I often received. Across the river, on the neutral ground, were the Winnebagoes with their hereditary chiefs, "One-Eye and Waukonda DeKorry," after whom were named the towns of Waukon and Decorah. Five miles from Prairie du Chien, on the west side of the river, was the Winnebago Agency; in Prairie du Chien was the Sac and Fox Agency, where, biennially were encamped 2,000 or 3,000 of the latter tribes to receive their money and provisions. Gen. Taylor was beloved and respected by all for his conduct in the Black-Hawk war. He was brave, unostentatious and abounded in kindness of heart. On his way to the Florida war subsequently, he and his regiment travelled in what were called "Mackinaw" boats, a species of light keel boats. The general and his family travelled in one of these boats. It had a heavy linen canvass for a cover over the hind part of the vessel. I called upon him and his family at the levee at DuBuque and he returned with me for a few moments to my residence. I suggested to him the propriety of his taking passage with his family for St. Louis on a steamer which was then at the wharf. He replied "I always travel with my men," and he travelled in the same boat to New Orleans. I little thought then that he would ever be president of the United States.

The first court was held by Judge David Irving in the spring of 1837, at DuBuque. His district was established by the legislature at Belmont during the session of 1836-7, and embraced the whole of the territory situated on the west side of the Mississippi river; the next term by Judge Dunn, of Elk

Grove, Wisconsin, to whose district the counties of DuBuque and Jackson were subsequently attached by the Wisconsin Territorial Legislature at Burlington. The first court ever held in Iowa, after its organization, was held by me at Prairie La Porte (now Guttenberg), Clayton county, in the fall of 1838. There was no wagon road then to the town, and we travelled on horse-back. This was our usual mode of travel then, and when having exchanged districts with Judge Mason, I held the first courts of Iowa in the counties of Lee, Van Buren, Henry and Des Moines. When I reached Burlington I found the legislature in session there, and that the Supreme Judges had been appointed a committee by that body to report to the legislature such bills as they might deem proper to be adopted as laws. When I started for home, as navigation was closed, I was compelled to purchase a horse, and as there was no other road, to travel on horse-back along the bank of the river for five days in order to reach home.

My worthy associates, Mason and Williams, with whom for nine years, I occupied the bench of the Supreme Court and spent so many months of hard labor, have passed away. How pleasant are my recollections of them. We endured hardships, toil, and exposure to the weather, yet our meetings were full of pleasure. Harmony and brotherly love prevailed constantly. Neither Mason nor myself was an applicant for the office, neither knew of his appointment until after it had been confirmed by the senate. We were recommended to the president by Gov. Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin. The first terms of the Territorial Supreme Court were held at Burlington, and until the seat of government was removed to Iowa City. As no court-house had been erected we consecrated churches, school-houses and empty store-rooms to the purpose. The hotel-keepers were anti-monopolists, and never allowed their guest to occupy a bed alone. It must not be inferred from this condition of affairs that ability and learning of the attorneys corresponded therewith. In those days were Grimes, Starr, Judges Kinne, Wright, Green, and Hastings, Craw-

ford, Davis, Judge Johnston Miller and M. D. Browning. Wilson of New Hampshire, Judge Shiras, and Congressmen Washburne, Hoge, and Campbell, Judges Drury and Knox, of Illinois, and Judge Hartington, of New-York, appeared before our courts. If cases were appealed from our higher courts here, we met in the United States Supreme Court such men as Webster, Clay, Reverdy Johnson, Forsyth, Benjamin, Lincoln and Stanton.

The most important case in the early judicial history of Iowa was that of Ralph, a colored man (*habeas corpus*), the first case decided by the Iowa Territorial Supreme Court and the seventh case in Morris' Reports. The facts were that Montgomery, who lived in Missouri, and owned a slave named Ralph, entered into a written contract with him, by which the latter was permitted to remove to the lead mines at DuBuque, then in Michigan Territory, and to pay \$550 for his freedom as soon as he could earn the money. Ralph worked industriously at mining for lead ore for many years, but did not make enough to pay for his boarding and clothing. Montgomery would probably never have claimed Ralph again had it not been for two kidnappers from Virginia, who lived here and who wrote to Montgomery offering to deliver Ralph to him in Missouri for \$100. The offer was accepted. They then made an affidavit that Ralph was a fugitive slave, and procured an order from a magistrate at DuBuque to the sheriff to seize Ralph and deliver him to them, to be delivered to his master. Ralph was working at that time on a mineral lot a little west of DuBuque, and was seized by the sheriff and delivered to the kidnappers, who placed the negro in a wagon, hand-cuffed him, and took him to Bellevue, intending to take him to Missouri on the first steamer. They avoided DuBuque, fearing that a writ of *habeas corpus* would be sued out and a discharge ordered. Alex. Butterworth, a noble-hearted Irishman, who was ploughing in an adjoining field, soon heard of the arrest and came immediately to my residence and demanded a writ of *habeas corpus*. An attorney drew

up the application and it was granted. The sheriff overtook the parties at Bellevue, and Ralph was returned to DuBuque. The case was heard, but at my suggestion was transferred to the Supreme Court of the territory, because of its importance, and there it was unanimously decided that Montgomery's written contract with the slave, whereby he was permitted to become a citizen of a free territory, liberated him, and that slavery did not and could not exist in Iowa. This decision was based upon the validity of the Missouri compromise and the contract between the master and the slave, wherein the former recognized the latter as a person capable of contracting, and upon the principle that slavery cannot exist in a territory in the absence of all law, either constitutional or statutory, authorizing it. The decision of the Dred Scott case may be adverse to this, but I rejoice that we had the opportunity to decide that Iowa was a free land, and that no profound lawyer north of Mason and Dixon's line but approves the decision now.

One morning, several years after, I found Ralph working in my garden, and asked him why he was there; he replied: "I ain't paying you for what you done for me, but I want to work for you one day every spring to show you that I never forget you." He afterwards struck a big lode, but gambled it away, and died with the small-pox. Had Montgomery abided by his contract, Ralph would have paid him his money with interest.

A Chippewa Indian, whose band occupied some part of the territory which is now Minnesota, somewhere between St. Paul and Duluth, but which was then attached to Wisconsin, was indicted at Prairie du Chien, in 1837, for the murder of the son of an Indian trader, who was a clerk in the trading house there. The clerk's father was a wealthy white man, the proprietor of the Indian trading house there; his mother was an Indian woman, who lived with the former as his wife. The clerk made a violent assault upon the Indian for trying to get admission to the store after business hours to get

ammunition, although it was in the day time, and the Indian was guilty of no wrong. In repelling the assault, the Indian, who had a gun in his hand, shot the clerk. The trader, who was a great tyrant, had the Indian arrested, indicted and brought to the court with a dozen Indian witnesses, no one of whom could speak the English language. There were but three attorneys in attendance upon the court, viz.: the prosecuting attorney from Mineral Point, Hon. Thos. P. Burnett, one of the most eminent lawyers of Wisconsin, who was employed to assist the prosecution, and myself. I was appointed by the court to defend the prisoner.

At the first term the case was continued to give defendant's counsel time to prepare, but as he had no means to pay expenses of a trip into the Indian country, wholly unpopulated by whites, except by a few Indian traders far away from each other, the case went to trial at the next term solely upon the testimony of the Indian witnesses brought there by the trader, and the deceased man's father, who also brought an interpreter. The only other interpreter of the Chippewa language in Prairie du Chien, or in that vicinity, was an Indian girl about eighteen years of age. With her aid I interviewed the prisoner in the jail on the morning of the trial. He requested the United States Marshal on the way to the court-room to shoot him and not to hang him. He supposed he was entering the court-room to be executed, and could not be made to understand that there was to be a trial. When entering the court-room he stepped high and slowly, and sang the Indian death-song, which was listened to in silence by the court and the immense audience. The interpretation of that song as given me by the Indian girl was, in part the following: "Is it time, is it time, is it time that I must die; Great Spirit give me your hand," raising and holding up his hand toward Heaven. The defense was that the court had no jurisdiction over the case of one Indian killing another, in the Indian country; that there was no proof of legal marriage; and that the principle that *natus sequitur ventrem* prevailed. Judge Dunn sus-

tained the defense and the defendant was acquitted. He immediately came to me with the female interpreter to express his gratitude, and to beg me to take him with me home, as he feared the trader would have him assassinated. I did so. He remained with me at DuBuque for several weeks, but having met on the street, after night, some Winnebagoes who were encamped on the island, and who chased him, and whom he feared would injure him, he brought an interpreter to tell me that he would leave and join another band of Chippewas who lived near LaCrosse. When parting with me, not being able to converse in English he took my right hand and putting it under his blanket and over his heart so that I could feel its pulsations he stood in perfect silence holding my hand there and thus bade me farewell.

He did not forget me, for in a year or two afterwards I met a former resident of our town who was then trading with my Indian's band, who said to me, "I have a message from your Indian who says he will never forget you, and that he has two handsome Indian girls to send you as wives whenever you are ready to receive them." I replied that I would have to see my wife about it. She never consented to the arrangement and the presents were never received.

The case in our early judicial history which involved the greatest amount of property was the case of Choteau vs. Nealy, finally taken from the court of Iowa to the Supreme Court of the United States, and decided at the December term, 1853, and reported in Vol. 21 (Curtis), page 87. The suit was brought to test the validity of the claim of Julien DuBuque to a tract of land bounded as follows, commencing at the mouth of the Little Maquoketa, which is about seven miles above DuBuque, thence south, running nine miles west, thence with the same width to the Tetê-de-Mort creek about twenty miles, thence along that creek to the river. This embraced all of the city and most of the county of DuBuque. Choteau was an assignee of Julien DuBuque. The claim was based upon an alleged Spanish grant from the King of Spain

to Julien DuBuque. Choteau had for many years a bill before congress, the object of which was to confirm Julien DuBuque's claim. The pendency of his bill and the influence of the Missouri delegation (Choteau being a wealthy citizen of St. Louis) prevented the sale of the lands embraced in the claim. The public lands in the vicinity of the other river towns were sold to settlers and others years before those in the vicinity of DuBuque were placed in the market. This greatly retarded the prosperity of that city and county, as emigrants would not settle where title to real estate could not be acquired.

Finally, after great exertion on our part, the land was placed in market, entered, and then suit was brought. The attorney who brought the suit was Mr. Comick, of Missouri, the same attorney who established a Spanish grant to a square in the center of St. Louis, wholly covered with business houses. In the case before the Supreme Court I engaged Platt Smith to assist me. Our opposing counsel was the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore. He was then at the height of his career as an attorney of the United States Supreme Court, having more cases there than any other lawyer, crowned with professional success and spending every winter in attendance upon that court. He had two very large law libraries, one in his office in his residence at Baltimore, the other in Washington. He was noted for his affability and courteous demeanor. As soon as he heard of our arrival at Washington to argue the case, he called upon us at the hotel, introduced himself, offered to us the use of his office and law library, and gave us a key to it. We saw him frequently and enjoyed his society. One day, when we were going together to the court, he said to me: "I am told that you have a farm on this disputed land, that you lived upon it with your wife and children, and that all you possess in the world is invested there." I replied that such was the fact, and he then said: "Well, should the case be decided in our favor you shall not lose your home. I will make Mr. Choteau

convey it to you." Knowing that he was sincere, I thanked him, saying that I trusted that it would never come to that. After the case had been argued and submitted, and we had waited in great suspense for the decision, one morning when Mrs. Wilson and myself had taken our seats at the breakfast table at the hotel in Washington, Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, with his wife and daughter, sat down at the same table, and after bidding us good-morning and alluding to what I said to the court in my argument, and when trying to represent what the condition of the settlers in our town and county would be if the decision should be adverse to them, that when turned out of home on the cold prairies they would be in a worse condition than the Israelites were when in the desert, having no manna placed upon our pathway, no pillar of cloud by day or fire by night, the Judge said to my wife: "Mrs. Wilson, are you ready to turn out upon the desert this snowy morning?" She replied: "No, Judge, and I hope you will make no decision of our case that will render that necessary." I immediately arose from the table without breakfast, for I had not been served, and went rapidly to Smith's room. It was then nine o'clock, but I found him asleep, and, as usual, with his door unlocked. Clapping him on the shoulder to arouse him, I said, "Smith, awake, we have gained our case." "How do you know?" said he. I then told him what Judge McLean had said at the table, remarking that the Judge would not have jested with us upon the subject, if the conclusion had been adverse to us. We immediately went to the clerk's office to learn the facts. The court sustained our objection to Julian DuBuque's title, viz.: that it was only an inchoate grant. The pendency of the above claim retarded the development of our lead mines, and caused harassing and oppressive litigation as follows: An adventurer from some of the eastern states, named Flanigan, desiring to become possessed of the rich lodes developed by the labor and skill of miners, procured from the Secretary of War, Mr. Spencer, the appointment as

agent of the lead mines in Iowa, with authority from the same to lease the same to whomsoever he should deem proper, and he proceeded to lease these mines and lodes to such loafers as would share the proceeds with him. When the discoverers of these lodes refused these lessees possession, suits were brought upon these leases, and petitions for injunctions were filed by this pretended agent in behalf of and in the name of the government to prevent the miners from further mining or from selling the ore already discovered. This agent procured directions from the proper department at Washington to the United States Attorney of Illinois, to prosecute these suits, and he accordingly did so. After long and tedious litigation, it was decided that there was no law of the United States authorizing the leasing of lead mines, excepting those in Indiana Territory; that in the absence of such a law, the leases were void, and that the enjoyment of the public lands, and the settlement upon them, had never been regarded as a trespass for which an injunction would lie. This decision disappointed and incensed the agent, and he wrote to Secretary Spencer, asking his influence for my removal.

The secretary wrote to me, complaining of the decision, and stated that unless I should decide that these leases were good, at least in that part of Iowa which lay east of the Mississippi river and in the old territory of Indiana, he would urge my removal. Gen. Jas. Wilson, our Surveyor-General, an ex-member of Congress from New Hampshire, and an intimate friend of Daniel Webster, was in Washington, and showed him Spencer's letter to me and my decision. Webster approved of the decision, and informed Spencer that *no part of Iowa laid east of the Mississippi river or was ever a part of Indiana Territory*. This lesson in geography settled the matter, and nothing was ever heard of the threatened removal. Flanigan decamped, the miners worked out their lodes, and they and their heirs are enjoying the proceeds of their hard and meritorious labor.

Among the names of eminent attorneys residing in other states, who attended our Iowa courts in early times, were the following: Hon. Thomas Drummond, United States District Judge of Illinois; Hon. Van H. Higgins, ex-Circuit Judge of Chicago; Hon. E. B. Washburne, late Minister to France; Hon. L. A. Hurlbut, late Minister to Peru; Hons. J. P. Hoge, Thompson, Campbell, and J. Allen Barber, Jas. Wilson, of Vermont, ex-members of Congress; Judge Drury, of Rock Island; Judge Huntington, of New York; Hon. O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior; and Hon. John F. Dillon, last but not least.

Let me refer briefly to the latter. When at Davenport holding court the Cook brothers gave me the privilege of their law library, remarking that in the evening I would find in their office a law student. I accepted the offer. At first the student would hand me from the library such books as I needed, but as we became better acquainted, I would mention the question of law I was examining, and he very kindly aided me in my work. Before leaving Davenport I expressed to the Cook brothers my appreciation of their kindness, saying to them, "that student in your office will make his mark in the world." Was I not a prophet? When I last saw him in this city it was in the United States Court, where I was standing in a crowd of lawyers. Judge Dillon came up to me, and putting his arm around me, said to the attorneys: "Gentlemen, this is the man who first admitted me to the bar." May God bless Judge Dillon.

In an address which the Hon. E. B. Washburne delivered he referred to what took place at Bellevue, in Jackson County, in April, 1840, immediately after the citizens there had broken up a den of horse-thieves. He says, "I attended court there for a week or ten days, and was admitted to the bar by Judge Wilson. This was before I was admitted in Illinois. I have no time to speak of the wild and turbulent scenes of that term of court, and of which your staid prohibitionists of to-day can have but little conception. It would be hard to realize how

matters then appeared to me, fresh as I was from the serious old state of Maine. When in Paris I wrote a letter, describing what took place at that term of court, and it got into the newspapers. I told of how it fell out that in the little hotel where I stopped, and where I was to be put in the same bed with James Grant, of Davenport, and what was my horror when he commenced to undress to see him pull out from under the back of his coat and lay beneath his pillow a bowie-knife, which, then and there, looked to be about three feet long. This fell under the eye of Grant, and he wrote me a denial of the statement, claiming that the bowie-knife was only two feet long."

It would afford me great pleasure to refer to the many learned and talented members of the bench and bar, whose names adorn the history of Iowa, but time forbids.

How many have passed away; how many have failed to attain that high destiny which our ambition and our desires have promised us—to end our days in the peaceful bowers which grace the mountain of fulfilled hope—are compelled to satisfy ourselves with that other peace, which an author describes as "The peace of surrendered, not of fulfilled hopes; the peace not of satisfied, but of extinguished longings; the peace not of the happy love and the secure fireside, but of unmourning and accepted loneliness; the peace not of the heart, which lives in joyful serenity afar from trouble and strife, but of the heart whose conflicts are over and whose hopes are buried; the peace of the passionless—the peace of the happy—not the peace which brooded over Eden, but that which crowned Gethsemane."

LOCATING THE GOVERNMENT WAGON-ROAD
FROM NIOBRARA, NEBRASKA, TO VIR-
GINIA CITY, MONTANA.

N. LEVERING, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

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SOON after Col. Sawyers arrived in Sioux City he was requested by Judge Hubbard, then in Washington, to report personally to the secretary of the interior (Harlan, of Iowa). He, without delay, hastened to Washington. On his arrival Hubbard presented him to the secretary, who requested of him a verbal report, which was entirely satisfactory. The secretary requested him then to reduce it to writing in detail. Lieut. L. H. Smith, having important papers in his possession, was at once telegraphed to for the papers. As soon as they were obtained, the report was made and presented to the secretary, who, after looking it over, passed it to Col. Simpson, an assistant, who requested Sawyers to call the next morning, which he did, and was informed by Col. Simpson that his report was all satisfactory. "But," said Col. Simpson, "here are some other papers that have just been received," (handing him a bundle) "I wish you to examine." Sawyers looked them over and found them to contain charges preferred against him by the men that he had left in Montana, or in other words some of the mutiny men, and which had been indorsed by Gens. Wheaton and Dodge, of Omaha and Council Bluffs. Sawyers threw them upon the table with an air of contempt and said, "Col. Simpson, those are a pack of lies from beginning to end," and turned to go out, when Col. Simpson said, "Are you not going to put in an answer?" to which Sawyers replied in the affirmative. The day following the answer was filed, answering each and every charge in the most satisfactory manner.

Owing to the hostility of the Indians the previous year, there were points on the road that were not fully completed

and required a little more labor, etc. Col. Simpson ordered Sawyers to get ready and go over the road as soon as he could and straighten it up. Col. Sawyers says "this was the proudest moment of my life," as he had now signally triumphed over his white as well as his red foes. He at once set about making preparations for a second trip. After completing his arrangements in Washington, he went to New York, where he took out a life policy of \$20,000 for the benefit of his family. He then hastened home and began active preparations for an early start. Gen. Dyer, of Washington, issued him an order for eighty Enfield rifles in St. Louis. How to get them to Sioux City without passing Council Bluffs and Omaha was a matter of interest to Col. Sawyers, as the fierce opposition at these two points to the wagon-road was so hostile that he feared the guns would be seized and retained there. The colonel's organ of cautiousness was well developed, and he did not propose to take any chances; he therefore ordered the guns shipped by way of river to Clinton, Iowa, and from thence by railroad. There were two brass field pieces with four hundred shells at Sioux City, which Gen. Sully had used in his expedition against Little Crow. They were in charge of the commanding officer at Omaha. Col. Sawyers applied for them, but was peremptorily refused. He then sent J. H. Charles, a leading merchant of Sioux City, a man of characteristic social qualities, thinking that his winning smiles would capture the guns, but he failed likewise. Col. Sawyers now got his cattle and wagons all ready, was furnished an escort of sixty-nine government troops, picked men, and was ready to move as soon as the grass was sufficient to sustain the cattle. When on the eve of starting, some of the leading citizens of Omaha and Council Bluffs urgently pressed the colonel to come that way and travel by the Laramie road, striking the new wagon-road at Ft. Conner on the Powder river. This the colonel indignantly refused, requesting them to accept his compliments and go to that country whence the Arizona soldier telegraphed back for his blankets. He

started from the mouth of the Niobrara river about the first of May. Two trappers joined his outfit, making the whole number of men seventy-two, and one woman. They kept the road traveled the previous year, making improvements on it wherever necessary to make the road entirely practicable.

There was no impediment or obstruction to their progress until they reached South Cheyenne river, where they found an abundance of good grass. It being Saturday evening, Col. Sawyers concluded to remain here over Sabbath, as he entertained conscientious scruples on Sabbath keeping. The usual precaution was taken in posting guards, etc., and nothing marred the quiet of their dreams until about daylight, when the familiar cry of "Indians! Indians!" which brought every man to his feet with a prospect of a little exercise before breakfast, which was fully realized before they were quite ready. Right upon the heels of the alarm came the red devils, as if upon the wings of the wind, dashing by the sentinels, without as much as saying good-morning, and into the herd of cattle, which they hoped to capture. The two night-watches were well mounted and on the look-out, and by good management saved the cattle. The mules firmly maintained their reputation for stubbornness and refused to stampede. All commenced an indiscriminate slinging of lead at the red-skin morning callers, who now were disposed to make their call short. A man by the name of Stewart, who drove the colonel's mess-wagon, happening to be up when the alarm was given, seized his Spencer rifle which he always kept in the front of his wagon, fired two shots without any effect, dropped on one knee, and taking deliberate aim at an Indian who was clinging to the side of his pony, thus making a breast-work of horse-flesh, fired, the ball striking Mr. Lo low down in the breech clout, coming out at his right shoulder, and before he struck mother earth, he opened his eyes in the new hunting-ground. The Indians got away with nothing but lead, except a pony belonging to an emigrant who had joined the train a few days previous. The savages

fled with but the loss of one, so far as could be ascertained. The corpse of the fallen foe was soon in the hands of the escort, who claimed to have found everything upon it but money, even down to some of the pestiferous pests of Egypt. He had recently been with other members of his band to Fort Laramie, to what Col. Sawyers denominated "Old Omaha Taylor's Powwow," and was well equipped for war. Monday morning the train moved on. Col. Sawyers furnished the emigrant who had lost a horse by the raiders a yoke of cattle to draw his wagon.

Nothing of interest occurred, and work on the road progressed nicely until they reached North Cheyenne, near Pumpkin Buttes, where water began to fail, and was only to be obtained in little pools in the bed of the river. One day at noon the colonel requested two of his men to ride up the bed of the river and see if water could be obtained for the stock and men for the next day's journey to the dry fork of Powder river, a distance of twenty-nine miles, the only long drive on the whole route. The men had got about two miles from camp, when some of the men in camp cried out, "They have started some buffalo." As quickly as possible Col. Sawyers brought his glass to bear upon them, and discovered at a glance that seventeen Cheyenne Indians had cut them off from camp. He ordered sixteen men to go to their relief. They had to go on foot, and went with a will. As soon as the two men found they were cut off from camp they started for a high round butte or elevation. The Indians at once took in their object and made a desperate effort to thwart their object, but the men were mounted on good horses, which were urged forward under a vigorous application of the spur, and gained the much-desired point. They dismounted, and with a Winchester and a Spencer, opened a lively fire, giving them lead lower than they could get it down east. The Indians, finding it rather hot, retreated out of range and began to chant the death-song, hoping to draw the fire of the men until their

ammunition was spent, when they would fall an easy prey to their savage ferocity. In this they were foiled, as the relief soon arrived and began an unceremonious slinging of lead, which was the occasion of sudden discord in their chant, and they hied themselves to a more congenial locality. The man with the Winchester was somewhat excited in the contest, and fired eighty-seven rounds; the other was more cool and saved his ammunition for a more critical time. It was a tight place and a loud call for them. They returned to camp, not knowing whether they had killed any of the enemy or not.

Col. Sawyers now moved out on to level ground, where he camped, digging three rifle pits about one thousand yards distant from each other and sufficiently large for three men, locating them in a triangular form on three sides of the corral, and where the cattle were herded. There were three ex-captains in the escort who had been through the rebellion, and their experience was of great service at this critical time. The colonel detailed them on duty as captain of the guard, each one taking one-half of the night, the colonel taking the latter half of every other night. One man in the rifle pits stood guard while the other two slept. The night herders watched all night and slept the next day. This was kept up until they were out of danger.

The next day they resumed their march and arrived at Dry Fork of Powder river, and the day following, at noon, at the main river at Fort Reno, which was garrisoned by part of the eighteenth regiment United States Infantry. Col. Sawyers reported to the commanding officer his mission, etc., and was received and treated with the most kind consideration. The men set about burning coal and the blacksmith to mending breaks and doing such other work as was required. At this fort were six men and two women, with four mule teams, who had been detained by the commander of the post on account of their limited number not being able to cope with the Indians. They were overjoyed when informed that they could accompany Sawyer's train. The following morning

the train moved forward, all as happy as clams in high tide. All went pleasantly that day. When corraling in the evening, Col. Sawyers told the emigrants that they could corral their wagons with his, but owing to their ladies they preferred to be a little retired from the soldiers, and for that purpose they placed their wagons just outside of the corral. There was nothing to disturb their slumbers. A feeling of safety seemed to render all cheerful, and they moved forward without any interruption, camping the next night on ground of a basin-shape, the emigrants corraling as they had the night previous—a little to one side. As soon as the moon went down and darkness prevailed, all the demons of the brimstone country seemed to have been let loose for that occasion. Indians began firing all round and yelling in a terrific manner. Every man in the outfit returned the fire in a most determined way. In consequence of the corral being on low ground, the savages miscalculated and over-shot. Col. Sawyers had noticed a clump of trees near the corral, and thinking that some of the enemy had taken refuge there, took sixteen of his men, and crawling as best they could near the spot, the colonel ordered his men to fire low and simultaneously, which they did, proving that the colonel was right in his conjectures as to that being a lodging place of the enemy. That maneuver ended hostilities for the night. The enemy at once fled without causing any particular casualty.

On returning to camp they found one of the emigrant women wild with fright. She implored the colonel to allow her to come into his corral. Her appeal for protection soon found its way to the colonel's big heart, and he at once ordered his men to draw her wagon inside the corral; but this did not quiet her nerves nor allay her fears. The colonel then ordered her bed made under her wagon, and the brave little woman who accompanied the train in the capacity of cook, to sleep with her. This produced the desired result, and she quieted down, and all retired for the remainder of the night, save the herders and sentinels. This experience with

the natives seemed to awaken every fighting quality in each man, and as remarked by the colonel, "It filled each man with concentrated hell." They began to grow desperate and ready for any emergency.

The train moved on next morning, and all went well for two or three days, when, after camping, some of the men ventured out a little too far and were surprised by some Indians. Not being able to cope with them, they retreated for camp, hotly pursued by the enemy, who gave up the chase when within range of the camp guns.

The evening previous to their arrival at Ft. Phil. Kearney, they were again attacked, but the Indians were quickly repulsed without loss to the train save powder and lead. The next day, on arriving at the top of a high spur of the Big Horn mountains, they were joyfully surprised to look down upon a scene that brought pleasure to their hearts. Down in the valley was a camp, not of bloody savages, but of their own countrymen, active and busy as bees, erecting Ft. Phil. Kearney, between the Big and Little Pinies rivers. They were not long in halting near the new fort, when Col. Sawyers reported to Col. Carrington, the gentlemanly officer in command of the Eighteenth United States Infantry at that post. Col. Carrington and his excellent lady, who was a sister of Hon. J. D. Coxe, then governor of Ohio, gave Col. Sawyers and party a most cordial welcome and requested Sawyers to camp under his guns, where he could feel quite safe. It being Saturday, and Col. Sawyers wishing to remain over Sabbath, grass not being convenient, he moved three and a half miles out, to where there was an abundance of good feed for the stock. Soon after he had corralled, he was visited by a number of emigrants from the fort, who interrogated the colonel as to his point of destination. When informed that it was Virginia City, Montana, they said, "Why, Col. Carrington will not allow you to go on." Sawyers replied: "You bet he will." "Then for God sake," they replied, "let us go with you. There are sixty men of

us, with women and children, and fifty wagons. Col. Carrington will not allow us to go further, and the Indians have got a portion of our cattle, and we are at a loss to know what to do." Sawyers hesitated for a while. The thought of adding fifty wagons more to his train, with women and children, and only sixty men to manage them, and an insufficiency of cattle, would seriously impede his progress and render it more hazardous. Their persistent appeals touched a tender chord of the colonel's great heart, and he yielded to their request, with the understanding that they were to obey him in all particulars, to which they readily consented. They were told that he could not assist them in the way of teams, as he was then assisting an emigrant and had no surplus teams, but that Col. Carrington would be appealed to in their behalf. The emigrants then informed the colonel of many startling accounts of people being slaughtered by the Indians on the road that he was going to travel, and that there was some grounds for it, from the fact that there was an Indian trader by the name of Pete Carson, who had been with the Indians a long time and married a squaw; had three children, and who had come along with them to the fort and wished to put up a trading post there, which Col. Carrington would not permit him to do. He then went over the hill from the fort on a little creek known as "Goose Creek," and erected his shanties. Soon after he had opened out, the Indians attacked him, killing him and his assistants and carrying away all his property except his wagons, lumber, squaw and children. The squaw and children fled to the fort and placed themselves under the protection of Col. Carrington.

Tongue river, where Sawyers had so much trouble the year before, was thirty-two miles distant (about two days' drive). Sawyers felt the necessity of an additional escort in order to reach that point with safety with the large train now under his command. He therefore applied to Col. Carrington for two companies of his command to escort them through to the post on Tongue river. Carrington promised him an

escort and oxen to assist the emigrants in getting through. This was more than joyful news to the emigrants, who were notified to be ready to move forward on Monday morning at four o'clock, at which time all were ready and moved out. Sawyers went on to the fort, expecting the escort as agreed upon. On his arrival at the fort, he was not a little surprised to find all wrapped in their blankets save the sentinels, who were pacing their weary rounds. He made an effort to get an interview with Carrington, but to no purpose. After waiting for some time, Carrington sent him word that he could not furnish the escort, as it was too dangerous a country to divide his forces in. Col. Sawyers was not the man to be discouraged or have his purposes thwarted by any disappointment of this kind, and moved on over the hills and down into the valley where Pete Carson and party had recently been murdered. When about entering the valley, what was his surprise to be overhauled by a lieutenant-colonel and ninety men from the fort on their way after the wagons and effects of Carson that had been left by the Indians, thus taking advantage of the train to escort them safely through to the wrecked trading fort. The train moved on successfully without any mishap or accident. At noon Col. Sawyers gave the train a little drill on corralling in case of attack, and much astonished the emigrants at his rapid movements in forming a corral with the cattle in the center. After dinner, a brief recuperation from the forenoon's journey, they resumed their journey, that night taking the usual precaution in corralling and digging rifle pits. The next day, while at dinner, each man with his rifle across his lap, without notice a most deafening savage yell burst upon their ears, and they quickly exchanged knife and fork for rifle, and began to throw lead instead of grub. A host of bloody savages swept down upon them, but so hot was their reception that they made as quick sweep out of the range of the storm of lead that followed without any plunder, but with the loss of one of their ponies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MORMON COIN.

IN THE cabinet of the Historical Society there is a gold coin, deposited there by Mr. Josiah Y. Porter, a good many years ago, which has a more than common interest. It is about the size and form of an American five dollar gold piece — a little broader, but not quite so thick — and evidently is composed of pure gold, as it purports to be. It bears on one side the figure of an eagle with a shield on the breast holding in its talons an olive branch and a quiver of arrows, surrounded by the words in Roman characters, "Deseret Assay Office, Pure Gold, 5 D." On the opposite side is the image of a lion surrounded by Mormon characters, and the date, 1860, in ordinary figures. It is said that the issue of this coin by Brigham Young was interrupted when it had aggregated in amount the sum of nine thousand dollars, by an indictment, trial and fine of ten thousand dollars, together with costs, for the reason, as Brigham Young shrewdly remarked, that as a financial measure, "it did not pay." The further issue of the money was therefore permanently suspended, and specimens of it will soon probably be as rare as the coins of antiquity.

RECENT DEATHS.

MRS. PRISCILLA PATTEE, wife of John Pattee, formerly State Auditor of Iowa, and sister of Hon. E. Clark, died in Wyoming Territory last October. Her remains were buried at Iowa City, her former home. Mrs. Pattee was born in Ohio, but had been a resident of Iowa since about 1850 until a couple of years previous to her death.

JOSEPH E. FALES died at his home in Clarinda, Page County, Iowa, January 23d, 1887, in his fifty-seventh year. He came to Iowa in 1836, with his parents, who, in 1840, fixed

upon Iowa City for their home. He was elected mayor of Iowa City in 1854, and was postmaster at the same place in 1860-61. He removed from Iowa City to Davenport, and about ten years ago from Davenport to Clarinda. His father, Joseph T. Fales, was the first State Auditor of Iowa, from 1846 to 1850.

WALTER TERRELL, a native of Virginia, died at his home near Iowa City, January 30th, 1887, aged eighty-two years. After following for some years the occupation of a surveyor in Indiana and Illinois, about 1840 he came to Iowa, and selected for a home the place where he died, on the east bank of the Iowa river, about a mile above Iowa City. Here, in 1843, he completed one of the first flour mills built in Johnson County. His wife and one daughter survive him. He took an interest in public affairs, but abstained from the discussion of politics, and courted seclusion.

JOHN A. PARVIN, a native of New Jersey, died at his home near Muscatine, March 16th, 1887, in the eightieth year of his age. When a young man he removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, and in 1839 to Muscatine, Iowa, in which city or its vicinity he afterwards resided till his death. He was Clerk of Muscatine County in 1844, member of the lower House of the Legislature in 1850, Mayor of Muscatine in 1854, member of the Constitutional Convention of 1857, and State Senator from 1863 to 1868. Through his exertion while a member of the Legislature was founded the State Reform School, of which he was President for sixteen years. He was one of the seven original members of the First M. E. Church in Muscatine, organized in 1840. At different periods of his life he had been a teacher, a merchant, an engineer, and a farmer. He was a relative of Hon. Theodore S. Parvin.

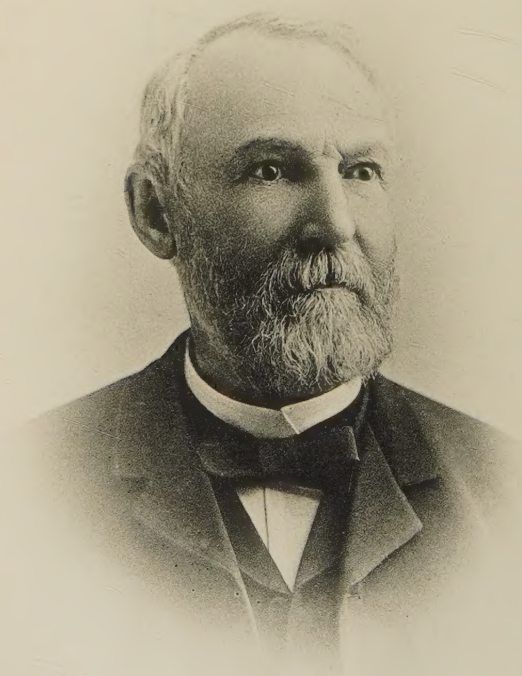
NOTES.

WE have received a copy of the report of the third reunion of the Tri-State Old Settlers' Association of Illinois, Missouri and Iowa, held October 13th, 1886, at Keokuk. It is a pamphlet containing speeches and addresses of some of those present, and letters from others unable to attend. There are many historical facts and reminiscences worthy of preservation scattered through its pages.

J. J. LITTLE & Co., of New York, have published "Tristram Dodge and his Descendants in America." This is the history of a family, one of whom occupied a conspicuous place in the pioneer history of Iowa, as compiled by one of its own members, Robert Dodge. It traces the family back to their settlement of Block Island and Cow Neck, Long Island, in 1660. It has special interest for western people, as tracing the genealogy of A. C. Dodge and his father, Henry Dodge, pre-eminent in the history of the early settlement of Iowa and Wisconsin.

HON. LYMAN C. DRAPER, LL.D., for thirty-three years and ever since its organization the Corresponding Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, resigned his office at the annual meeting of the society last January. Dr. Draper resigned in order to give his time to the compilation of an historical work, the material for which he has been accumulating for many years, and to enable him to assist his successor in acquiring expertness in the duties of the Secretaryship. The Wisconsin Historical Society has been by far the most successful society of its kind in the west, and all familiar with its work with one accord attribute its prosperity in great degree to the earnest, judicious and persistent work of its retiring Corresponding Secretary. Dr. Draper.

For want of room interesting papers from Rev. O. Clute, Hon. Hawkins Taylor, and other obliging contributors, are laid over for the July issue.



PHOTOGRAPH

F. GUTENKUNST

PHILADELPHIA.

James Wilson